

"What's that?" she'd asked
when we met in the kitchen at the fridge
she getting another beer
me pulling off the plastic rum container
"Rum and fruit juice."
"Let me have some," she blurred

She took an incredible pull
and said, "Let's get out of this fucking place."

I had to hold her up
walking through the pasture to the truck
Even with the moon out
I couldn't tell where her eyes were
so I let mine follow the line of that open top button

"Let's do it here," she pretzeled
"No. It's too close," I checked

The last thing I remember from that affair
is seeing her walk to her fridge
the cut of her rear
lighting a cigarette
swilling a whole beer down at 7 a.m.
and saying, "So ... what's your name?"

WEBERS 4

I went back to Vince's around four
to pick up my grill
I felt as dry as the turkey
or the ham

I spotted the two Webers
in front of Vee's feed shed

On closer inspection
I noticed one of them
— the one with a mutilated third leg —
was actually leaning against the shed

Mau Mau had a wide grin going
so I just assumed the gimp was mine